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SECRETARY JANUS,
A
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Simon Lord Frazer of Lovat,

AND

J. M--r--y, Secretary to the late
P R E T E N D E R.

*To trim and truckle now is all the Fashion,
This M--r--y knows, and wou'd embroil the Nation :
But sure a faithless Scot can ne'er arraign
True Englishmen, or British Honour stain.*



L O N D O N :

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SECRETARY JANUS

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Wm. Lloyd Garrison of Boston

AND

J. M. - - - Secretary to the late



P. R. T. T. T.



[Printed by ...]



SECRETARY JANUS,

DIALOGUE, &c.

AS fly old LOVAT to the *Tow'r* was led,
After the sentence on his forfeit head,
At his arrival, in a monstrous hurry,
He met his back-friend, *Secretary M--R--Y*.

Hold, quoth old *Simon*, whither in such haste?
Let us confer a little on things past:
How cam'st thou here? The honour is too great,
And *SOUTHWARK-GOAL* would better suit thy state.
How could thy blund'ring head e'er make pretence
To mix with *Peers*, and give in *Evidence*?
From *NOTHING* sprung, a base and abject *Thing*!
What could you hope for but a *Hempen-String*?
Tho' now you've chang'd your tone and cry'd out quarter,
No doubt you hope to shine in *St--r* and *G--rt-r*.

JANUS.

Rail on, poor feeble wretch! my *Plea's* allow'd,
And my *Surrender* stands both firm and good.

SIMON.

Yes, you *surrender'd*, when you could not 'scape,
Tho' you try'd *Bribes*, and varied ev'ry shape;
The *Lewis d'Ors* of which you robb'd your master,
Has brought you safe through all this sad disaster.
Ah *Jack*! thou always wer't a shifting cur,
Always a *Villain*, and yet ever poor;
And now thy proper colours to display,
Thou turn'st *INFORMER*, wretches to betray.

B

JANUS:

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JANUS.

Better be thus than simply lose my head,
And grin to pleasure fools when I am dead:
With all the Sophistry your priesthood taught,
You see to what a *Sentence* you are brought.

SIMON.

Without or brains or wit you rose a tool,
Knowing your master's follies to cajole;
But soon he found you out:---Now, turn'd adrift,
You cringe and change your sides, your last sad shift!

JANUS.

No, Sir, it is well known the danger I have past,
That I continued faithful to the last;
But when all hopes were gone what could I do?
Sure then 'twas best t'unravel all the clue.

SIMON.

The ancient proverb nearly hits the matter,
"*Who loves the treason always hates the traitor*"
When most you think to rise you'll soonest fall,
To no side true, you'll soon be curs'd by all.

JANUS.

See here a list of many names enroll'd,
Who've sent us arms or aided us with gold;
Some who were close attendants on the throne,
This faithful *Scroll* shall to the world make known;
And since they durst not openly appear,
I'll shew them *Knaves* and *Cowards* as they are.

SIMON.

And so by this you contributions raise,---
For *None's* a traitor, I suppose that pays.---
Ah *Jack*, beware! thy flight too high is aim'd,
Shall men of worth at thy reproach be blam'd?
Why can't thou think each M---r an ass,
That such a low contrivance e'er should pass?
Or men of sense can ever think that those
Who had estates and characters to lose,
Wou'd trust a Vagabond without a shoe,
(As, *Jack*, you know that was the case with you)

With

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With what concern'd them all much more than life,
And join with thee to stir up doubtful strife?
Ah *Jack*, be quiet,----'tis much better far,
Honest to hang, than *mean untruths* declare.

J A N U S.

True to the cause which I at first espous'd,
To save my *Honour* all must be disclos'd.

S I M O N.

Honour! why, man, that word's turn'd out of door,
You surely never heard the sound before!
'Twas *Honour* made you form what ne'er was found,
Trunks full of letters buried under-ground;
And when you'd put us in a gaping trance,
Honour had stole the NOTHING into *France*.
But *Honour*, *Johnny*, is a brittle thing,
You ne'er will know it rightly 'till you swing.---
Who ONE betrays for gain, wou'd all men strike,
And G— and C— to thee are both alike.
Thou may'st indeed a perfect SINON * make thee,
But *Loyalists* and *Jacobites* forsake thee;
For what's a flitted nose, or loss of ears,
To him who boldly thus his conscience fears?

J A N U S.

You may complain and all who're doom'd to bleed,
But Heav'n will sure approve the virtuous deed.

S I M O N.

Dear Mr. Secretary name not Heav'n,
To thy black soul the other place is giv'n;
For you, in artifice more knowing grown,
Act deeds the first great traitor would d.sown:
The Devils boldly sinn'd, and boldly fell,
For which they merited their mansion *Hell*;
But none to save himself would 'peach his brother;
Men are the only fiends betray each other:
Thus nor on Earth nor *Hell* thy friends will prize thee,
For ev'n the very devils will despise thee.

J A N U S.

No hope I have but this, and here I rest,
The fate of THESE lies pregnant in my breast;

* The Man that betray'd *Troy*.

C——ns, or P——rs, I'll no distinction make,
But string the wretches for my master's sake.

S I M O N.

Well, well, dear *Jacky*, thy resolves are right,
And you'd seem honest tho' 'tis out of spight.
Go on, where'er a noble name you find,
Be its destruction to your art assign'd!
No matter how their *Ancestors* have stood,
Firm to their country, with their wealth and blood;
Nor does it aught avail how *these* behav'd,
When on your side, their utmost force ye brav'd,
When to the centre of the Isle ye drove,
And thought the Crown but distant one remove,
How *these* with hearts united, stak'd their *all*,
And vow'd by *Royal George*, to rise or fall.
Ne'er heed you that, select a *noble few*,
Some who most loyal were, most just and true,
Let such stand foremost in your sable list,
And what thou dar'st to form, on that insist,
Brand them as Rebels, and where facts must cease,
Let ripe invention and bold lies take place;
Nay more, to crown thy scheme and clinch the joke,
Arraign the G——ls, and impeach the D——;
So shalt thou string a finer thread of Plots,
Be *d——d* for something and outdo old OATES.

J A N U S.

Well, you may sneer, but I by this will rise
To heights beyond the ken of your weak eyes;
From *both sides* merit thanks for different ends,
Shew one their Foes, and t'other their false Friends.

S I M O N.

What can'st thou hope? or how expect reward?
From social converse, and all trust debarr'd:
Forsook, despis'd, thy Carcase thou may'st save,
And sink with infamy, into thy grave;
Whilst like a pestilential blast thy name,
Will with a pois'nous Stench be damna'd to fame.

Hard words had follow'd, but to end the fray
Came *W--ll--ms--n*, and drove them both away;
One to his *Prayers*, which he had long forgot,
And t'other to *new mould* his *Embrio Plot*.

F I N I S.



